THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22.

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FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY "WANTS " FOR THE WORLD.

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Unimpeachable Testimony.

FTER a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and Neward dealers' accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indured checks gives in payment therefor, we are convinced, and servity, that there were Printed and Actually Circulated during the month of March, 1888, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,700,520). COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

MLB. W. A. CAMP.
Manager of the New York Clearing House.
O. D. BALDWIN.
President of the American Loan and Trust Co.
President of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM :

11.) 10.709.520 (345.468

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AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULA. 354,86

BROOKLYN'S HORROR.

The LYMAN S. WEERS murder case, which two years ago horrified New York, has found its bloody parallel.

A terrible murder was done by three burglars in Brooklyn in the gray hours of this knotes or believes the statement to be true, morning-a murder bloody and brutal to the last degree, the circumstances of which must fearfully impress every law-abiding citizen with a sense of insecurity and danger.

In his own store, in the most populous portion of Brooklyn, Christian W. Luca was butchered in the presence of his wife, by men whom he did not know, and while in defense of his own property. Full as it is of horrors, the case is full of lessons.

The frightful certainty and swiftness with which crime launches its votary on from step to step, even to the agony of bloodguiltiness, the ghastly, haunting consciousness of having taken human life and the final ordeal of facing the gibbet all this is marked down as plain as day in the story of this deed, in the ages of the murderers, the mission which led them to the scene of their awful act and the retribution which claimed them ere yet the blood of the murdered man

was dry upon them. Then comes the question : Does the death punishment, with all its horrors, deter men from murder? That is the chief advantage chained for it over life imprisonment. Tomorrow four men are to be hanged in the Tombs, and nine-tenths of the people in New York have the fact in mind. There stand the black, ominous gibbets; there swing the Line 'Lage I didn't say you am't. I miss from their generous customers.

ropes, and Eternity yawns for the victims. Yet within twenty-four hours of the execution of that solemn and awful sentence comes the news of this revolting slaught r. It will Brownley? do to ponder on.

The police of Brooklyn and New York in this instance have acted with regulant ladgment, with marked co's at and fortunately with success. They descretall eredit

GIVE THE GIRLS A ... "

Just because she is a girl the little impled master must needs say good-by, the instant she opens her tiny eyes, to all the big millions of which the American Duchess of MARL-BOROUGH is now spending the income.

Of course it was a provision of the will, but then the absurdity of it! A boy, by must; rights, is a good, hard-headed fellow, built the other isn't. to buffet with the world and brook his millions out of it.

To avert good luck from your little kinswoman, just because she happens to be a morning, Mr. Scales? pirl and the name must end with her, may be the feudal, romantic, English society-novel way of doing it, but it isn't real, genuine

and let the boys to bardscrauble for their fortume. It will make better men of them mosely-nine times in a hundred.

to come donn bard on the gambling bells with which Saratoga is polluted.

Keep it up, now. Purging is what more than one of the swell resorts needs. If Nott street Chinamen break the law in running rooms for fun-tan, then the diamondstudded gentry who keep club-houses where men of fashion stake fortunes on the red and black are cousily culpable-yes, more so.

Fair play, now. "The Judge is condemned when the guilty goes free."

A RACE AND NO MISTAKE.

By this time the five ocean liners which sallied down past Liberty yesterday all in racing trim are well out in salt water, puffing

It will be a great struggle, but with the City of New York and fleet Tentonic in the party the Saale and City of Rome are apt to have simply a pleasant tussic for third place This ocean steamship rivalry furnishes about the fairest racing of this degenerate age.

How long before the gamblers will turn it to account?

JANK-Hon is sick, and his manager is disgusted. They hared the Union Square Theatre for all of last week at a rental of \$2,800. Receipts Tuesday night, 868. With that symptom in view, the diagnosis of Jane-

Hog's ailment is easy. JANE, it's too bad. You struck Gotham at a tough season. Almost nothing goes now, save beer, russet leather shoes and comic

WHO HAS SIXTEEN?

The Evening World" Maternity Prize Awaiting the Big Families.

The largest families of living children in the metropolis and vicinity thus far brought | three little girls, to the attention of THE EVENING WORLD contain only fifteen living children. Cannot this record be surpassed? Where are the really big families?

Following are the conditions of the competition

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children

A Flity-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living ehildren. A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a couso-

lation prize to the proud mother of the third largest brood of children.

These prizes are to the mothers. The competition is to be covered by the

following CONDITIONS:

Every mother entering her offspring must like in the metropolis consisting of New York, Brooklyn, Jermy City and Hoboken, Only living children will be counted,

The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nation. ailty; her name before marriage; her age; the date and place of her marriage; the name and ants must write upon one side of the paper only. Accompanying this statement the mother should

send a brief note from some well-known person ake the minister or priest, the family physician or the Alderman of the ward, staling that he

"Harkee, mate:" said the captain, "did

you notice that sound?" " Ay, ay, sir," said the mate.
" What was it?"

"Seventy fathoms, sir." Where the Expense.

"Speaking about expensive eigars cases,"

remarked McCorkle, "I knew of one which "It must have been fine," commented Me-

Crackle. Yes, fine and costs. The man had been smuggling the cigars, you see

A Fortune in Prospect

Young Hillyr (gloomily)-What did the old man leave me? Nothing. Worse than nothing. A tract of land in the backwoods. with nothing on it but some springs so bad that the cattle drinking the water take fits. Old Levelehead Short-sighted boy! There's a fortune in that farm, Put up a big hotel, advertise the water as "Hygein's Own Life-giving Liquid" and you will die a rich

English as She Is Moked.

Uncle 'Lige-You ain't got no sawdeens, is you, Boss? Boss (threatening)-How you know we

A Rocky Time.

"Were you at the party last night,

No; my wife went. I stayed at home and took care of the baby Well, what kind of a time did you have?"

Small Boy-Pa, what is the difference be-

tween a pessimist and an optimist. Pa-Well, let me see if I can illustrate. darling that was born to J. Hoosen Han- You kno The often discouraged and things with gorgeous gladiolii and dahlias, a basket simist. But years ago, when I was a young of potted meats, jellies, condensed milk, inman, everything looked bright and rosy and
I was always hope tu. Then I was an optimist. Now, my son, carvon understand the
difference between a pessimist and an optistart off to show "just what good can come Park to seend the day, taking the sick hapy small Boy- Oh, yes: one is assirted and of that much money."

A "Smart" Answer Turneth Away Cush.

Customer How do you sell sugar this

Grocer-By the pound, sir, same as always. Customer-Wel, as I want two pounds this Customer—Wel, as I want two pounds this morning I guess I'll go across the way to Mr.

-

Good : Somebody has at last the plack They are Untiring in Their Help Among

Money, Clothing and Food Freely Distributed.

Nell Nelson's Good Work with One

	THE CONTRIBUTIONS
h n g e e o o it	Alresdy acknowledged
- 1	

Inclosed please find \$3.65, being our collection from friends and neighbors. Although only a small amount you may be assured it is given with a will and the hope that this most orthy fund may increase manifold, as it

street, aged thirteen years. LENA JOSEPH, 249 East Seventy-eighth street. aged twelve years.

a the Editor of The Lang World

Inclosed find \$1, 16, proceeds of an enterainment given by the children of 129 Henry EMMA AND EDDIE VOOT. GRACE AND FRANK DELANEY. MAGGIE AND MARY McCORT,

> ANNIE WEISNER. MARY AND FLORIE PLYNN. WALTER FLYNN, Manager.

From Conneticut Priends.

To the Editor of The Evening World;
Please find inclosed \$10 for the Sick Babies' Fund, the proceeds of a fair given by RITA LOUD.

Clinton, Conn. LULU SPENCER.

to the Editor of the Evening World:
Please find inclosed \$14,60 for the Sick Babies' Fund, the proceeds of a fair given by six young ladies on the corner of Claremont

> LENA RII LOUISA YAEGER, CLARA and Julia And, ANNA BUG LILLIE TAUFEL.

Baby Jack's Remarks.

inclosed will do some good. I am a baby, two years old. Just now I am in the country with mamma. This morning we took a ride and I drove all the way. My home is at Port Richmond, S. I. I am the biggest person in our family because I am the only baby. Yours truly. BABY JACK SCOTT.

From an Insurance Office. Inclosed find \$3 for the Sick Babies' Fund. age of the father or jathers of her children and the result of a collection in one of the downtheir nationality; the full name of each child, the town insurance offices. J. L. P., 25 cents: tiale of its birth and present residence. Contest. T. H. B., 25; W. P. 50; F. G., 50; Cash, 50; A. Friend, 50; Sympathy, 50.

C. L. REES.

of beef to boil; a measure of sweet, juicy pears; two quarts of milk to be boiled before softling, fresh rolls, caraway cookies, and a new clean chip basket to put it in. Three dollars pays the entire bill. But the

of an hour thinking out the luncheon.

mother hesitates, and by long and careful probing I get at the sad truth.

The children have not sufficient clothing. and in the admission can be read the surrender of hope.

Out comes the tablet and another calculation is made, for Mary must have a hat and a dress: Charles needs a pair of stockings. and shoes must be bought for beautiful Dickie and his uncomplaining mother. Annie shops with me in Third avenue,

where a triumph in straw and ribbon, with the wing of a dove jauntily perched on one side, is bought for 59 cents. The little muslin dress only cost 75 cents, the stockings are a third cheaper and \$5 shoes the baby and big prother and covers the tired soles of motherhood.

By the time this goes to print the little family will be in sight of Manhattan Beach. and I envy them the pleasure that awaits their coming. In the same house, never mind what floor,

Charles Schlecht, 446 East Fifty-seventh is a laborer's family consisting of a wife and seven small children, where peace and love reign but plenty never. The father has been out of employment be-

> and land agent have destroyed the mother's peace of mind. However glorious the position, the profits

of motherhood, viewed from a mercantile standpoint, are vague and uncertain. This particular mother, whose head has

been touched by the storms of weather and misfortune, and whose face is crossed and recrossed by the wrinkles of care, has an income from her toll, too precarious to keep her m pins. The dress she wears is fresh and clean and tidy, but every figure has succumbed to repeated washing, dampening and the quarters, and the load of coin fills my ironing, till the color of freek and face are child of eight, half her age.

I offer to find ber some shoes and clothes, but she perjures herself for her children, which the E liott Floral Company has filled and there is so much beroisn in the talsehood that we agree to "dress up" the first

There are seven in all and you can cuess

with them, and while the doctor is taking her By way of explanation, parenthetic as it symptoms in bounds Tombo, the very phowere. I want to say to "Wall Street" that all tograph of Barctoot Box, only a shanow of names and definite localities are intention. the rustic boy physically. ally withheld for the sake of family feel. His jacket, waist and shirt all in one, cou-

ings. There is an aristocracy of poverty as sists of the trunk of a man's undershirt, from well as an aristocracy of wealth and blood, which the arms have been amputated. A safety pin helps in fitting the eighteento be wounded by the publication of a state- meh collar to the slender white throat, and

Why not give the girls the inherited millions and a blessing to mothers. 25 cents. The regard little breaches are supported by . Two doors further up we find a poor little Other diseases.

and to this "Wall Street" can have personal a wislowed suspender, and a mischievent home where many less unfortunate than its cap that has been through five and water and inscated in alt learn a lesson in healthy cheer-Afterweis hours' round in East Enfectsth served as bird case, rat trap and period for

and Seventeenth streets and West Piftieth, | get, completes his attire. Dr. Mason hands Tom into the carriage, | glory of his manhood, is blind. Fifty-third and Porty-third streets, we haven't a penny, a flower, a prescription. and while he goes to see a convaloseing child

that fifty two orders have bessed to needy store in Second avenue and order a full dress fathomics, gazing into vacancy but always married men of Catlin & Co., which the Tom thinks he would like blue the tailor Jenny Wrens" of Larchmont are making. prefers an English check, but us loss is We visit twenty-one houses, relieve with going to wear the raiments, his opinion pre-

medicine, grocories, clothing, cordials and valls, and the nobbiest blue finnnel suit in soft, sweet voice. There is a green hill far small sums of money sixty families, and by a stock is fitted to his fragile little figure. The jacket is a jounty English blouse, with

special system of mathematics estimate that 422 women and children are benefited by the plans, jacket and belt, and when it is butgift of " Wall Street " and the skill of Dr. toned all needs of a shirt are under cover. But the little knes-breeches won't stay up in and out of the towering tenements we

and there is nothing to do but take them in run across unbappy children and ailing hand and walk down street to a dry-goods bables, among whom we distribute \$10 in shop, where we try a shirt-waist overgrown change for milk, fruit, dinner, drugs, car with horseshoes of magnificent design and fare, &c. Many of these children are color, and a captivating blue hat warranted blistered with hives and mosquito bites, to turn up and down at the will of the man and now I can get nothing to do. relieve which thirty odd dimes are invested under it. in the syrups, cintments and medicated ices.

boy, bright as a sun shal, straight as a plumb | they have no other clothes." Occasionally a gauze veil or a netting is and delightfully entertaining.

bought to throw over a fly-tormented child, meals spread over that many kitchen tables we contribute a chop, a muskmelon or a nocent escapades. One of his incisors is course of sweet fruit and rolls. But \$10 goes | missing and I immire about it.

"Oh! Kelly did that wid his fist. We was satisfy me." a long way in kitch n court sies of this sort. In one of the flats of a big, gloomy teneplayin' ball in the yard and I was batter, and ment on East Fifteenth street lives a young mother and her five children, who seem to be canning a sort of steeplechase with mismy tooth. He's moved away now." The baby boy, a beautiful creature, who

has just succeeded in freeing himself from receive us with clamor and shout, and the the combined attacks of bronchitis, measels | most deafening "Please, missus, take and and diarrhou, is painfully ruptured; his dress me. elder brother, not yet ten years of age, is a I wish I could, for in all the two hundred

The other two are perfect children. All Street" puts under obligation includes a sick are loving and lovable, and would be happy man, an angel mother and a group of eight and light, hearted with a few more creature i children, ranging in years from one to fifcomforts and an occasional gift in the shape teen. The babe has cholera morbus, the

Dr. Constable has been most generous in his attention to the little flock, but h s freshair ticket is still on the clock, considerably rice, a five-pound package of bearing tomatoes to be used for a de icious and rea. nour shing spagghati, for the pre arat on . f

> a l'Italian. There is a neck of mutton, too, for a broth to feed the baby, some grabam crackers, two cantelopes and eight bright green tickets, good for just that many quarts of sweet milk, and on top of everything is a compound of

With another \$3 we complete the money, and the happiness that fills the little kitchen is worth treble the sum invested. On the way downstairs a young boy slips

up to the doctor, and with his soul in his big brown eves and the Desdemons-under-thepillow-sadness in his voice, begs for a nickel, What for?

he's pale and thin and ragged. His father has gone to the eternal realms and his mother earns \$5.75 in a book bindery, pasting backs, with which she fights the wolf, not only at Tommy wants a lemon "with a lump o sugar squeezed through the hole in the top " her door, but clutching at her children's

We give Joe 50 cents for a start, 30 cents to "don't care for anything so long as he gets there," and wise Annie asks if I can get her cents for a dinner. In his simple "thank you" there is a world of gratitude We buy the lemons and sugar; a tenderloin

The next roof tree about which the bounty Wall street " showers its gladness is up in 511 East Fifteenth street, where a young mother is slowly broiling herself and her children before a red-hot cooking-stove.

She is attired in a muslin waist and a red tablecioth ninned about and around her waist and limbs. Fortune married her to a widower, and there is a babe of two months. another of eleven months and run-abouts of two, four, five and a half and seven years.

The doctor prescribes a sail via the New York Juvenile Guardian boat. Oue dollar packs a lunch-basket with goodies and aupair of brown stockings. Black-eyed May is only fifteen, but she has

cation? Washing for a family of eight.

It's a pretty big burden to put upon slight a pair of shoulders, and the disciples tion, would consider the task crucial.

Please do. I am so tired walking from one on-the-Hudson. cause out of health, nearly all Summer, and shop to another, and I have no car tare. I

face bright, and if with the car fares it will provide a place is not secured. May is to the doctor asks a patient in West Flittieth send me a letter and we will try some other street. scheme to entrap capital. At another house on East Fifteenth street | the hopeless response.

been laid off for the dull season. The mother | miricle or an elixir can save the little one, and babies have gone on the excursion and who has wasted to a mere skeleton. We give Mary is on her knees scrubing the floor. It the mother some of the brandy sent by tales her a long time to get up, for she is a | " Little Mother in One Hundred and Thirtyeripple and scarcely stronger than a healthy | eighth Street," and for \$3 get a year's lease "Yes," she tells the doctor. "I aby is well. Is placed at once and wireled off to the park

first dress I have had in a year." With a playful reference to her feet we

Well, never mind. Good-by, little girl. I hope that dress will be a pretty fit." But we do mind, and on the way home make two stops and send to the little patient a pair of button boots, a pair of rubbers and ment sufficiently accurate to be business. through the V-shaped corsage the gleaning a long gossamer, booked, and as impervious

with a child in his lap. To-day the little one has her head on his breast, a flannel bandage is wound about her

throat, and as she sleeps the father sings in a The quick ear catches our step, and when

the sad music is hushed we find chairs among

Indices and mild contenument. The father.

the little ones and learn their needs. Twelve, nine, eight, six, four and three represent their ages; all boys but the third. The mother takes in washing, and on her income the family manages to exist.

"In the Winter we live comfortably," she says, "but since May I have had little work What do I need most? I can hardly tell.

Nor has she, but her own comforts are for gotten. When we ask the quiet, patient man

But what would you like to cat?" "It is all the same to me. Anything will

Instead of anything we get the definite I hit him in the stomach. I didn't mean to, articles of diet, and the good-natured doctor goes off again to market, this time with a shape of suggestions, for I want a young Fifteenth street, and a drove of children chicken to give the sick boy and fresh oread and sweet milk for the group of pale faces.

> He gets flour, vegetables, ten, conec, rice, sugar, soap, starch, bluing, oil, butter, some cereals and taptoca to make pudding for the young children, and a package of tobacco for the silent husband. The purchases we make along Third avenue include a dress, bonnet and shoul for the brave-hearted mother, a pair of shoes for five little boys and a binzer. Think of that you do les who whose among the rocks of Narragansett! for the signtless man is content to know that his children are

For all these inxuries we pay but \$2. We tell the mother and father about you, th y end you:

| woman lays, "but for every cent he has sent which the doctor write- ou the recie

pay for a tonic to tone up his system and 25 given with an oral lesson in fritter and fries cooking is limited to baker's bread and fried

> Patsy N. is brought to the carriage door by a company of friends, and the sight of his bare brown body gleaming through the slits in pantaloons and the rent in his shirt, decides us, and he is invited to a seat on the low with Mr. Linkey's gendence trained an announcement of the marriage of James Composite With Mr. Linkey's gendence trained of Mary Fair at St. Michael's Church, a company of friends, and the sight of his

coachman. Patsy gets quite talkative in the Sixth aveme clothing store, where we buy his outfit. His mother is dead, he tells us, " and all the children are dead but mc." His father and he have a room where they

sleep, picking up their meals the best way other dollar pays for four straw hats and a they can. For the past month the father has been out of employment, and when school closed l'atsy went to work in a pencil facbeen a bread-winner ever since she was tory, where he carned \$2.50 a week. On this boy was discharged. Fortunately he is going back to school, and with \$12.04 we transform the small tramp into a handsome boy, giving him his first coat, pants and vest, all related in color and cut, a new shirt, a gorgeous set of suspenders and a stiff straw hat, trimmed with a real Tuxedo ribbon.

After dinner we go uptown to see Aldie to the waster of the course eleven. She is a good child, brave as the the father and son lived, but a week ago the girl that civilized Ingonar, and beautiful as boy was discharged. Fortunately he is going a Roman cameo. May has been making back to school, and with \$12.04 we transform I ve safety-pins, but there is no work now, and the small tramp into a handsome boy, giving how do you suppose she is spending her va. him his first coat, pauts and vest, all related

of Col. Ingersoll, who believe that the obliga- R., in West Fifty-third street, a sick boy, the tions of parent to child are beyond cancella. son of a seamstress. Aldie is in need of fresh air, and on the advice of the doctor I pay \$10 in advance for four weeks' board in Saugerties

> Some friends provide railroad fare for the boy, and Dr. Mason engages the mother to nurse a patient for a couple of weeks, and another family is made happy.

" How is your baby this morning, Mrs, C.?" "Oh, I'm afraid she's going to heaven," is

we visit a young pantaloon finisher who has But she is wise, for nothing short of a on a baby carriage, in which the dying child

Dr. Constable sent me a piece of calico and | The next house is in West Forty-third I'm making me a new dress. See, isn't it street, one of twenty families containing five pretty? I always liked blue and this is the children, one sick with laryngitis and two with bowel trouble.

The doctor goes to market again, pays 47 learn that she has on her best shoes—the very cents for medicine, 60 cents for a chicken, sorst you can imagine. bers. I am always getting caught in the rain because I can't walk fast, and when my feet wet I have rhounnitism."

50 cents for all and groceries.

We give a carriage load of ciothes provided by Dr. Foster, a box of books, two jars of jelly, a paper of crackers and \$5 worth of new shoes to eight little ones in Fifty-second street, and we go home tired and empty-handed.

NELL NELSON.

There were 114 deaths yesterday, and 42 of them were children under five years of age. The causes of death were:

Colluge Suggests a Mystery.

WHERE ARE THOSE BANK-BOOKS?

The Discovery of a Morigage on a Jamaica

QUEER WAYS OF A LONG ISLAND MISER.

Man Who Goes in Bathing Louven Papers in His Clothes That Will Demand an Explanation Before the Asteria Police -He Drifts to Blackwell's Island and Refuses to Talk.

The widow of James Connolly, a carpet. yeaver, who died but a few weeks ago Jamaica, is deeply interested in the news that a nortgage on her cottage and grounds in that town was found in the pockets of a man is now at Blackwell's Island. She thinks that a proper explanation may lead to a clue to the whereabouts of four bank books, on each of which was something less than \$2,000. The man refuses to divulge his identity, but the widow sent word test night to the Astoria Station to hold the mortgage, and, as she alleges suspicious circumstances in connection with its present locaion, it is more than likely, as the authorities telephoned last night to THE WORLD, that they will make the man explain before they give

The man whom the widow wants to interview,

and who is now at Blackwell's Island, went in to

bathe Tuesday afternoon at Astoria. He had been bathing and was carried out by the tide. about two miles, to Blackwell's Island, where long, long list and several additions in the the guardspicked him up. Presuming he was a prisoner, they took him to the Island. The doe. ors there pronounced him insane and his refusal to say anything about himself confirmed them in that idea. In his clothes, picked up at Astoria, were many legal documents, among them being the mortgage referred to a document which bears no evidence of having been filed according to legal requirements.

But it is not in the mortgage that Mrs. Commolly is interested, but in the probability that its holder can tell something about the bank books which she has varing scarched for since her husband's death. She Leis was that Commolly but about \$6,000 and she wants to know who got the money and where it went to. Commoliy was an old miser, and the story of the bank books and the secrety attending them is decidedly interesting.

"Connolls was a quare old follow," said the good-natured Irishman who consected to blick the reporter to the widow's home. "He wund't tell anybody where the good was, and I don't believe he touid St. Feter, if he entiral ce above depended on it. He was eightly vears old when he died unit as circ schilded as a claim is shelled, and was a great out boy. The widow'let lyou is about num." them in that idea. In his clothes, picked up at

ear oid Wall Street, and this is the message in y end you:

"Ma Gild in his mercy bless him. I don't chow what they do in Wall street." the woman eays, "but for every cent he has sent as and you tell me it's \$20. I'll have the attle ones say a prayer. Good luck to him, very good inck."

In the ball we learn that the poor mother owes contrect menths' rent, and through the benevolt nee of blustery, big hearted old Pat McKewen, who owns the building, the family McKewen, who owns the building, the family and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it tell you and was a great ould boy. The widdy it is a labout it went years all out a for sample about it went years all the candy store in the cottage on Herrmanu avenue. Jamaica. She used to be dressmaker about twent a transfer about twent a twenty years all to make a set out a down to the connoil to with the great to be a dressmaker about twent a transfer about twent a transfer about twent a transfer about twent at the candy it in.

In the ball we learn that the poor mother of the ball was a great of the dressman and a great of the winds and he had a bout a transfer about twent at the candy was a great of the advance. The winds are dressman and as a dressman and a section of the cottage on Herrmanu avenue. Jamaica. She used to be dressman and she that the west and she a

ne hall we learn that the poor mother oursten months' rent, and through the old nee of blustery, highearts old Pat wen, who owns the building, the family een permitted to remain.

As a wful calamity which fell upon the home occurred just a year ago, and ry penny was spent in the vain endeavor are one of the eyes from the impenetrable som which fell "as falls the plague on m," without warning or premonition.

In a fruitless hunt for a destitute family, e use \$2 to buy for one-eyed Tim an interst in a lemon stock, for repairs on a little rutch, to replace a glass pitcher—over the fragments of which a ten-year-old girl is sorrowing—and to start a fund for Jerry T.'s school shoes.

Our favors in East Seventeenth street mount to \$1.60, the cost of ten quarts of milk, one watermelon, three dozen bananas, a peck of sweet peppers and a neasure of sweet potatoes. The three last named articles are those, The three last named articles are those.

The three last named articles are those, "It is take to be to be filled him, but led me know about the box," said he, like a Bincheard, and you had no business to. "Sure, what's yours is the look, said he, like a Bincheard, and you had no business to." Sure, what's yours is sure.

had no business to. 'Sure, what's yours is mine, 'said I. 'I'll taich you it isn't, 'said Ie. 'You'll never see these books again.' Sure enough I never did, I've been sarching since he died, but cannot find them. I have the Bible, and over the family record he pasted white never."

nolly to Mary Fair at St. Michael's Church, North Second street, Philadelphia, on Sept. 7, 1847, by Father Kenney. Another notice was that of the birth of a girl, and the third and last the notice of the same girl's death. These facts were told Mrs. Councily by the reporter. "Arrah, do you see the trifle he was tryin' to hide?" was her comment. "It is whispered around town, "said the reporter, "that Connolly was divorced and that he may have left the money to his first wife and children."

he may have left the money to his first wife and children.

"Nonsense, his first wife was dead long hefore he married me, else we would't be married,"
said she. "That I have from people who knew
them both. He gave it away for spite and he
mortgaged the place for spite, and when I find
the mortgaged I may find the people who have
the books.

"Don't you remember the names of the
banks?"

information. Liron Life. 1



tion from here?" "Have you got a carriage?"
"No, my little lad." "Oh, then you'll have to walk!" (Disap-

"Sonny, how can I get to the railway sta-

pears whistling a very popular melody.)

woods)-How glorious it is to gaze on this wild scenery, and behold Nature in all her primitive majesty! Mr. Arden Faxon—H'm—ye-es! Esps-cially when there's a good comiortable hotel

Notes of the Work.

Miss Violet Wilde (wandering in the Maine

Interested D.-Piease send articles mentioned to Dr. W. I., Foster, 36 West Thirtydith street, New York.

Pure Blood

conquering ecrofula, sait rheum, and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the itealth. It also builds up the whole system, cures dy w pepsis and sick beadaube, and overcomes that thed fee-ing. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Frepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Massa

Mason.

deranged.

of wearing apparel.

to the mother's step.

" Could all of us go ?"

" All; every one."

a piece of meat to boil.

beach?

fly-specked, but still unused.

" How would you like to take a sail down

"Oh, it would be heavenly!" the woman

mys, and the children begin to grow wild.

the bay and spend the whole day on the

prescribed by the doctor.

lying in a baby wagon, and to afteen scanty

the Poor.

Hundred Dollars.

Two Little Workers.

leservedly should. HATTIE KEAUSEOPH, 253 East Seventy-eighth

GEORGIE AND CLARIE FLYNN.

" No, I couldn't accept it. It on'y admits my baby, and I wouldn't leave the others," She has been a resident of New York MAMIE WINCHESTER, twenty-one years, and in all that time has never seen the ocean. Her little ones are Six Young Ladles Give a Fair. pale : Tommy is very thin ; neither of the girls have any color and there is no clasticity

and Jackson avenues, wishing you great success in your noble work.

Absent-minded Mary twines her arms about her mother's neck and gazes at me with her To the Editor of The Ecolog World

Desiring to help the sick babies I hope the vacant, heautiful blue eyes. Annie, the eldest girl, proceeds to scour Tommy's face, and that ordeal finished he gives little Dickie a tight hug that dislocates the centre of gravity, and they roll over together on the We figure on the fares, allowing \$1.60 via the Iron Steamboats, and spend a full quarter

Zenlous Little Ada. Having heard my grandma read of the good work going on through your great paper for he sick babies' benefit, I resolved upon doing my share. Following is result of my

Grandina, 25; Mannia, 25; Ada Luce, 10; Esther Luce, 10; Maggie Geiro, 25; Millie Cobb, 25; John Heany, 25, Katic Spies, 25; F. H. Peper, 25; M. Menisch, 25, Ella McKeill, 25; Minnie Ship, 5; Clothida Phaleu, 25; Elste Bar, 10; Hulda Bar, 10; Louisa Kennedy, 25; Al Smith, 10; William Smith, 10; H. Koning, 25; J. Sheehan, 10; J. E. Finri, 25; B. H. Harrington, 25; Daisy Phalen, 25; Cash, 85, 50. Total, \$10. Apa S. Licek.

(a little girl of twelve years) work.

Song Sum for the Sick Habies. A number of young girls, residing on East Fifty-seventh street, whose ages range from nine to twelve years, have combined their efforts to hold a fair, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund

A FAIR IS IN PROGRESS.

The Youthful Promoters Will Realize a

street, and was begun on Tuesday, the receipts for which day amounted to \$11. The fair will be continued during the rest of the week, and as the young misses are untiring in their efforts the success of the scheme is already assured.

The fair is held at the residence of Mrs.

But a small entrance fee is charged, the youthful merchants relying on the temoting display of their wares to call forth the pen-ALL WITH ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

An Incalculable Lot of Good Done with

"Wall Street's" fift.

Here we go, dear and "Wall Street," with what I consider dy n colors, I have exchanged you - 100 check for fifty one dof as Julis, fifty half-dollar pieces and reticule to bursting. I have Dr. Summer one and the same. Mason for an occort, Lawyer Channey B. Ripley's broughan and bays for a chariot, don't look to me as if they'd over go right, of wine and brandy from a lady in One Hun. | child that comes in. Well, at such times I can be said to be a pes. dred and Thirty-eighth street, a small crate

and the pride among the poor is too sacred

bables for the clothes contributed by the suit.

black nor an excursion tradet left, and more in Seventianth street we drive to a clothing the little kitchen, his blue eyes dark and

a young man scarcely thirty-five, in the very All day long he sits at the open window in

Less than \$7 pays the bill and Tom is a new | The children us you see, are bareroot and

On the way home he takes aby admiring peeps at himself in the carriage mirror, and what we can do for him he says; tells me between the glances all about his in- you; nothing. Don't mind me."

but he punched me in the mouth and I cat By this time we are back again in Fast

helpless little cripple, and his sister, a shy, and seventy, by Dr. Mason's register there sweet girl of twelve, with yellow har and is not one child who knows the luxury of violet eyes, is physically weak and mentally | nice clothes every day. The next family that good "Mr. Wall

> nine-year-old boy is subject to Ft. Vitue's alive and well. dance and his eldest sister has heart trouble. The doctor takes a backet, and with #3 fills it to the handle. There is binefish and fresh eggs, floor, tes, coffee, butter, lugar and same quantity of macca oni and a region

rhubarb and soda, or some such elementa, to cure the hives.

Some papers," Poor Joe has been sick with the fever and

Mary shyly bids for cakes: brother Charles | throats.

May wants a place. "Can't you help me!

their obligations to the grocer and butcher gave all my money to my mother for the A dollar bill makes her eyes dance and her

"1? Oh, I am well. I've been sewing, to be kept in the open air all day.

olera infantum..... rrhœal discases.... larasmus. Vhooping cough...... Uphtheria.....

s absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health

only a couple of miles away.